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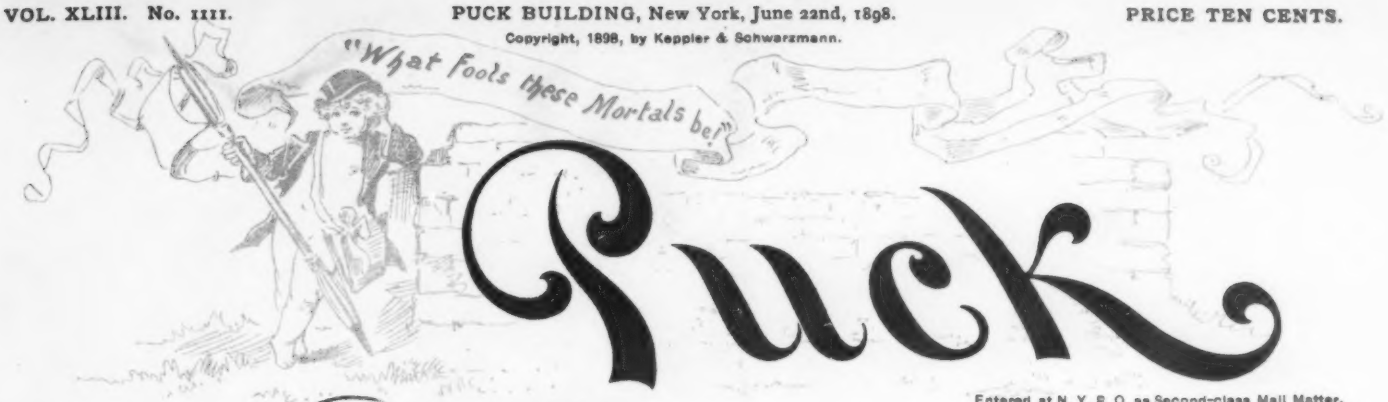

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A PUZZLE FOR THE POPULISTS.

THE WAR IS PROVING THAT EVEN MILLIONAIRES CAN BE PATRIOTS.

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IN THE SUBURBAN SCHOOL.

TEACHER.—What is the meaning of "acclimated?"

PUPIL.—That is when people have malaria so long that they don't mind it any more.

HAMMOCK STRATEGY.

ALL HAIL the days of Summer time,
When blooms the Summer Girl!
When mercuries are prone to climb,
And ice-cream signs unfurl.
The days that close with dewy nights
So dear to lovers, when
In shadows cast by prying lights
The hammock swings again.

When shrewdly peers the Summer moon
Through foliage o'er-laced,
And on the ground, in mystic rune,
Are wondrous patterns traced,
Give me a hammock built for two,
Secure from meddling eye,
And place therein a maiden who
Weighs not so much as I.

In Cupid's "Love in Hammocks" deep
The opening lines do run:—
"When courting an engagement keep
Your end the lower one.
So it is better that the maid
Be not of pond'rous charms,
And thus her fate she can't evade;
She 'll slide into your arms!"

I know where is a sheltered nook
Embowered by friendly vines.
Within no blund'ring fool can look,
No light electric shines.
I weigh a hundred fifty-three,
Sweet Madge one twenty-four—
Ye gods! who would n't envy me!
Does Paradise have more?

Edwin L. Sabin.

PUGNACIOUS.

CLANCY.—An' did yez see Mulroon this marnin' wid a Spanish flag on th' coat av him?

CASEY.—Oi did thot! Faix, an' th' mon will do annyt'ing to git a foight.

CENSURED BY JONES.

"When the Spanish fleet was reported at Curaçao, Jones predicted that the Admiral would go to Porto Rico."

"And what did he say when the Admiral did n't?"

"He said the Admiral was a blankety-blank fool."

IF THEY WOULD SEE THE FIGHTING.

SHE.—I see that at least one woman has become a war correspondent.

HE.—If she goes to the front, I 'll bet the other correspondents will make her take her hat off.

AS ONE might say, nowadays, the ton of coal is mightier than the sword.

"PIGS" IS what the Spanish call us. No wonder there 's been a rise in the pork market.

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AT THE SEASIDE HOTEL.

REV. DR. GOODMAN *(before registering)*.—Have you got a life-saver here?

CLERK *(coldly)*.—No, sir; the bar is at the end of the hall, to the right.

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MUTUAL.

MAY BLUME.—I 've enjoyed this row very much.
JACK INNIT.—I 'm in the same boat!

THE FINAL PERSEVERANCE OF A SAINT.

HE MADE a tract to mend the world
And, when his work was ended,
Nobody read his tract, and so
The world remained unmended.

He made a play to elevate
The stage, with hope elated;
But, as the stage refused his play,
It staid unelevated.

He made a song to lift the world,
A glorious song and gifted.
But, as nobody sang his song,
The world remained unlifted.

He made a joke to tickle men
With wit's sharp acid pickled;
And everybody read the joke
And everyone was tickled.

Sam Walter Foss.

FULSOME FLATTERY.

MRS. HOON.—Young Mr. Proudhub says a great many flattering things about his wife, does n't he?

HOON.—Yes; he brags about her as if he wanted to sell her.

LIVES OF great men all remind us how important it is to use good judgment in the selection of a biographer.

A MAN CAN make a fool of himself without a woman's help; but he naturally takes advantage of any labor-saving device that may be at hand.

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A REBUKE TO ROWDYISM.

THE CAPTAIN.—Yo' gosh blamed fool niggah, yo'! Yo' done call dat safe?

THE UMPIRE *(with dignity)*.—See hyah, Mistah Jonsing! Ef yo' doan' stop dis ungemmanly conduc' Ise gwine ter fine yo' fo' dollars. Fust t'ing we know yo' 'll be introducin' de razzer inter de nashnul game!

A COVERED RETREAT.

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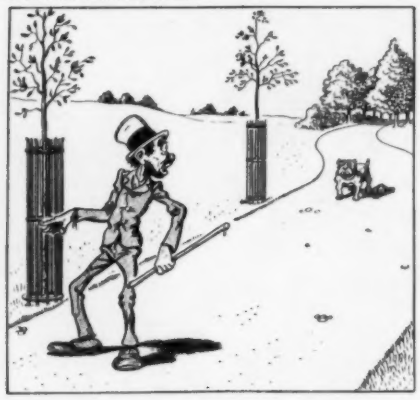
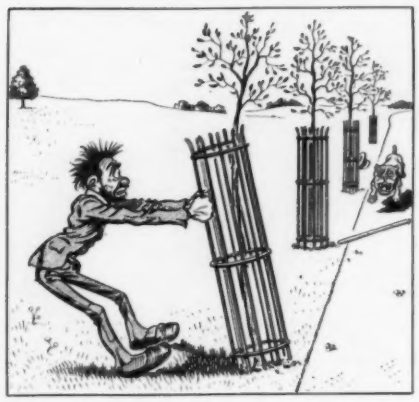


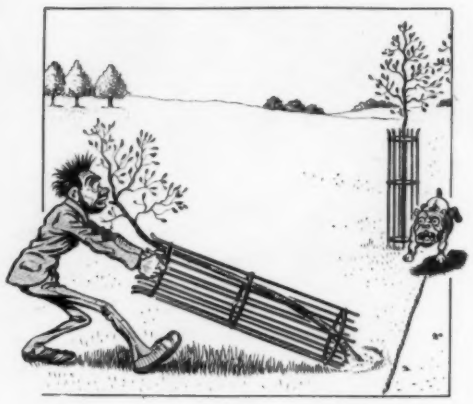
RUSTY NARROWS.—By de great Hobo! Just look at dat wicious dorg! I guess I don't want to go up dat lane.

"Fer hevings' sake! He must have seen some members of our Lodge before! He 's makin' straight for me.

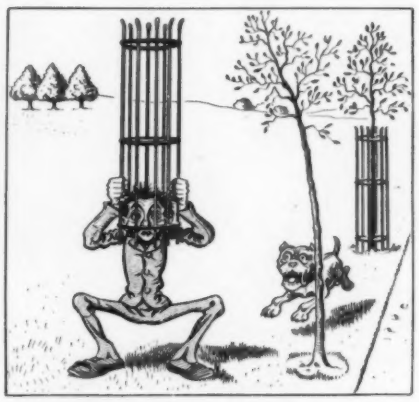
"O Lord! I 'm done fer dis time. ever was much of a sprinter, nohow.



"If I kin only git dis tree box loose may be I kin save my life!



"It 's good dat dis tree is young and tender. Ah! here she comes over de branches!



"He 's right at me heels. I 'd better git dis over me head quick.

INDISPENSABLE.

THE WIFE. — John, have you awakened Bridget?

THE HUSBAND.—No; I can't find my brass knuckles.

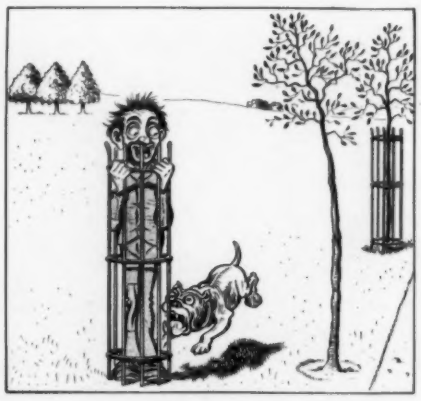
DUTIABLE.

LOUISE. — Grace has returned from Europe.

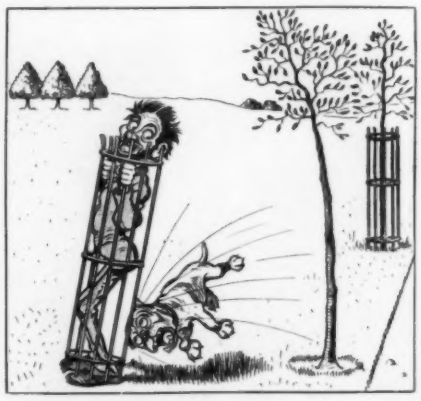
FLORENCE.—Had she any difficulty in getting past the Custom House officers?

LOUISE. — No; why should she?

FLORENCE.—Her complexion should have been taxed as a work of art.



"Ha! Ha! Just in time.



"Say! me canine fr'en', it ain't no more use you buttin' yer head 'gainst a tree box dan it is 'gainst a stone wall.

HOPE.

BROWN. — Can the doctor cure your insomnia?

JONES. — Yes; he thinks I 'll soon be able to sleep it off.

DRIVEN TO IT.

FIRST CAT. — You have quite a reputation as a scratcher.

SECOND CAT. — I only scratch in self-defense. You don't know the kid we have at our house.

IN CHICAGO.

DAUGHTER. — But I love him, Mama!

MOTHER.—He is not worthy of you, my dear. I trust you will marry into none but the best families in Chicago.

A THEORY.

HE.—Yes; it is true that Mr. Churchly has been found short in his accounts.

SHE. — Goodness! What a hypocrite! He always seemed to pray so fervently.

HE.—That may not have been hypocrisy. He may have been expressing his gratitude that he had not yet been found out.

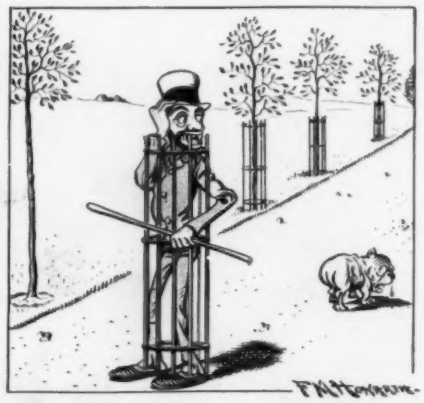
EXISTENCE.

As through Life's labyrinth we grope
Our stumbling way,
We feed upon to-morrow's hope —
And starve to-day.

NOT A SUCCESS.

BAUER.— I understand that the speaker made a poor impression.

WHEAT.—Yes; he spent five minutes clearing his throat and twenty minutes clearing the hall.



"Well, ta, ta, dorgy! Dis is slow travelin'; but dis tree box 'll buy me a square meal an' a night's lodgin'!"

HIS VIEW.

"Do you know the rule for the proper use of 'I shall' and 'I will?'"

"Certainly. 'I shall' is the masculine form and 'I *will*' is the feminine."

HAND-CLAPPING.

I snatched a kiss from her, you see,
Seeking to please the dear,
And great was her delight, for she
Encored me on the ear!

ACTIONS SPEAK louder than golf stockings.

NOTHING MAKES some people feel so good as to be envied.

FROM THE HAWVILLE CLARION.

AFTER A serious illness of nearly three weeks' duration, we take our pen in our feeble and emaciated hand to announce a radical change in the editorial and reportorial policy of this paper.

In the heyday of health, when the pulse beats rhythmically, when the eye is clear and the step elastic, the cares of business and the thoughts of the present fill one's mind; each day brings its tasks to be done and its battles to be fought, and there is scant time for retrospection; but when disease drags a man down to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, 't is then that memory brings up his past and ranges before him in accusing array his offences, his errors and his faults, and mingled with his regrets comes repentance and a decision to be better and do better if so be that his life is spared him.

While we were lying on the couch from which we never expected to rise in mortal guise we looked back along our journalistic pathway, and, recognizing our shortcomings of the past, our omissions and commissions, we resolved that were we ever again to resume our editorial chair we would inaugurate and carry out a certain line of reform, and we are now putting forth the first effort toward making our word good.

To this end, we here and now declare that the following atrocities against modern and progressive journalism, namely: "Hon.," "Sundayed," "brainy," "up-to-date," "fire laddies," "influential citizen," "obsequies," "much-needed improvements," "mesdames," "blushing bride," "conventional black," and other and kindred offences which will come to our mind from time to time and be added to this blacklist, shall hereafter be barred from the columns and vocabulary of this paper forever.

PROPOSITION DECLINED.

SHE.—Well, then, I 'll just buy what I want, and have the bills sent to you!

HE. — But we ought to have some understanding as to the amount.

SHE *(gayly)*.— Oh, no! No agreements in restraint of trade.

IT IS somewhat sad to think that, with comparatively few exceptions, every subject that ever was debatable is still debatable.

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THE SYMPTOMS.

"I 'm afraid that big one ain't feelin' quite well."

"What 's the matter with him?"

"Well, I found him a few times lately when he was n't either eatin' or sleepin'."

WHEN A man starts to climb about his family tree he is pretty sure to make a monkey of himself.

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IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS.

THE MAID. — But, of course, you expect to marry your ideal when you do marry?

THE COQUETTE. — Oh! I don't know. Perhaps I shall marry some other girl's ideal.

MASTERY.

A TANGLED WEB we surely weave
When first we practice to deceive;
But, as the years roll on, and we
Persist in our diplomacy,
We find 't was only skill we lacked,
And now our perfect web 's called Tact.

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

HE.—Yes; it is a fine thing to own our own little home; but there is one thing I miss.

SHE.—What is that?

HE.—Our periodical scraps with the landlord about the repairs which he never would make and which we never supposed he would.

KNOWLEDGE, AS everybody knows, is the special prerogative of college faculties; but wisdom is mostly monopolized by the Seniors.

CLEANLINESS IS next to godliness, but scented soap is a long way from the odor of sanctity.

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HOW HE WAS CURED.

HE.—De doctah done tole me scorchin' wuz injur'us.

SHE.—Am dat why yo' done gib it up?

HE.—Wal, no; but jest after dat, de jedge done fined me ten dollahs.

ITS FATE.

WHEELER.—Heavens! That bicycle brigade has been utterly destroyed!

BIKER.—Horrors! The enemy?

WHEELER.—No! Some fool started a discussion as to the best make.

WELL QUALIFIED.

"But do you think that you have the rugged constitution necessary for an Arctic explorer?" asked the capitalist.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said the other; "I played one-night stands for eight years. I could easily make a lecture tour extending clear across the continent."

THE RESCUE.

"He shall bite the dust!" hissed the wicked tyrant.

"Is there no hope?" faltered the heroine.

"Hark!" exclaimed the hero. "Methinks I hear the clatter of hoofs. Perhaps it is a sprinkling cart?"

SOME PEOPLE who have made their own beds are more inclined to lie about them than on them.

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HAD NOT HIS SHARE.

"There goes Charley Henpeck. He has n't found that in union there is strength."

"Oh! yes, he has; but he has found that the strength is n't equally distributed."

IT REMAINS A MYSTERY.

"Yes," said the veteran mind-reader, "I can read a woman's mind, but I don't pretend to be able to understand it."

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THE RESULT.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—You know old Zeb Flint hain't had no faith in banks an' has been keepin' his money in a teapot in the barn where he could go an' gloat over it whenever he felt like it?

MRS. HORNBEAK.—Well, what has happened, Ezry?

FARMER HORNBEAK *(dryly)*.—Wa-al, Zeb hain't got no faith in barns, now.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PROSAIC WAR.

IF ANY poet is now minded to write a war epic, let him be warned from the task. War demands a bookkeeper rather than a poet, nowadays. We are no longer in the emotional times of chivalry when nations fought for love of fighting. A capable bard could make a living then, for war was ninety per cent. poetry. But we have grown cautious and sordid; and that noble percentage has shrunk. Not that we have come to mind the loss of lives in war. The more lives lost the more glory in victory, the less dishonor in defeat. The world has continued to be reckless of lives. But it winces under the loss of money. There is something about the waste of money that scares the veriest dare-devil into caution. If it were not so we would be fighting all of Europe to-day instead of one little corner of it. The sentiment is all against us. We are anarchists, vandals and blasphemers, denying that Kings are vice-Gods. From the moral standpoint of Europe we deserve swift annihilation. But business is business. We are the best market for that which Europe must buy and the best customer for that which she must sell. And Tradition has no rights that Trade will respect. That is why we warn off poets, unless they are prepared to chant the glories of a trade balance, or to sing of imports, exports, customs, tonnage and the like. If a poet can turn accountant there is still work for him in war.

SHOWING OUR GOODS.

AND, WHILE we talk of trade, it may be suggested that this war itself is not without the aspect of an industrial exposition. Our skill in the crafts of peace may be tested at any time. It takes no war to prove that we make a good self-binder or a good sewing-machine or a good lawn-sprinkler. But war is probably one of the best tests of a war-ship that could be devised. It is one thing to build a war-ship that can loaf around landlocked harbors, fire occasional salutes and recuperate in dry-docks. And it is another thing to build a war-ship that will be useful in war. We have proved in the last two months, even beyond our own expectations, that our ship-builders can do the latter thing. And that was well worth proving. The war-ship fanciers of Europe have given close heed to the behavior of our ships, guns and armor, and in six months we shall have more orders than we can take care of. Our great and good friend the Czar of Russia, after the Oregon broke most of the world's records for battle-ships, promptly ordered fifteen million dollars' worth of ships like her. And, after his fellow-rulers have had time to realize what her performance meant, and to appreciate the remarkable staying powers of our whole fleet, we may expect them all to come shopping. We hope Spanish honor may not be further affronted by the discovery that we are using this little war as a show-window.

SECTIONAL FEELING.

THERE HAS naturally been much rejoicing over the restoration of good feeling between the North and the South. It has been the slow growth of years, of course, but war has suddenly shown it in its completeness. The South gave Bagley, the first officer to meet his death, and the South gave Hobson, the latest naval hero. We would like to know what surveyor could locate Mason & Dixon's line after that.

* * *

There is another line across this country that ought also to be wiped out by this war;—a sort of Mason & Dixon's line running North and South and dividing the East from the West. The fiction has been cleverly fostered in the West that the country contains no honest men nor good citizens except those that supported the Democratic party in its recent assault upon the eternal verities. By industriously alluding to the East as "the enemy's country," Messrs. Bryan, Debs and Altgeld really created some such impression among the people who believe that wealth is a simple matter of paper and printing-presses. We look for this war to show such folks that prosperous people are almost as apt to be patriots as the indigent poor, and that even a millionaire is, now and then, capable of emotions that are not strictly inhuman. It should at least show them that the men who believe that money consists solely of a slip of paper with tasty little mottos printed thereon are not the only ones who are ready to die hard deaths for their country. It was inevitable, of course, that a man like Mr. Bryan should be eager to die for his country, and we are not surprised, therefore, that he has succeeded, after considerable manipulation, in being appointed Colonel of a regiment that is going into active service if it should be needed. But he and the members of his school of economics should no longer deny equal credit to men like Admiral Dewey or Ensign Bagley or Lieutenant Hobson, who may not believe as they do. From all that we can learn neither of these magnificent heros ever believed that all the paper in the world ought to be printed up into ten-dollar bills. But can the West be less proud of them for that? With a few more such men to the front we may have better feeling all around, East and West as well as North and South.

PRESENT STYLES IN MEN'S CLOTHES.

A TENDENCY to uniformity is quite noticeable in men's clothes this season.

Blue uniforms are the favorite.

Trousers have wide stripes. Some favor red stripes, other white, and others yellow.

It is quite the idea to have "U. S." embroidered on the coat collar, with a suitable number and emblem.

Shoulder straps, with bars, eagles and stars are much worn.

Caps are considered quite the thing for outdoor life.

Brass buttons are having an unwonted vogue.

DISCOUNTED.

DASHERLY.—Americans are an inventive race.

FLASHERLY.—They 're not in it with Spaniards. Did you see the account of their last victory?

ALSO THE GOOSE'S REASON FOR SAVING ROME.

"If I may express my opinion," remarked the Roman officer, "you will be taking a hazardous step in crossing the Rubicon."

"That may be," replied the great and ambitious commander, "but I have determined to make the move. It is a solemn duty that I owe to the commencement orators of the future."

SPRING IS ordinarily represented as being a young woman; and, of course, if that is the case, she can hardly get everything on straight without being more or less late.

WHEN THE war clouds burst, Spanish generalship consists in keeping as much as possible out of the rain.

WANTED REVENGE.

SUBBUBS.—I 'd like to own a steam yacht and take a six-months' cruise around the Atlantic.

HOWSE.—Any particular object in view?

SUBBUBS.—Yes;—I 'd like to show the cook that she could n't leave us whenever she pleased!

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BUSINESS IS

AFTER CAREFUL CONSIDERATION EUROPE SEEMS INCLINED TO

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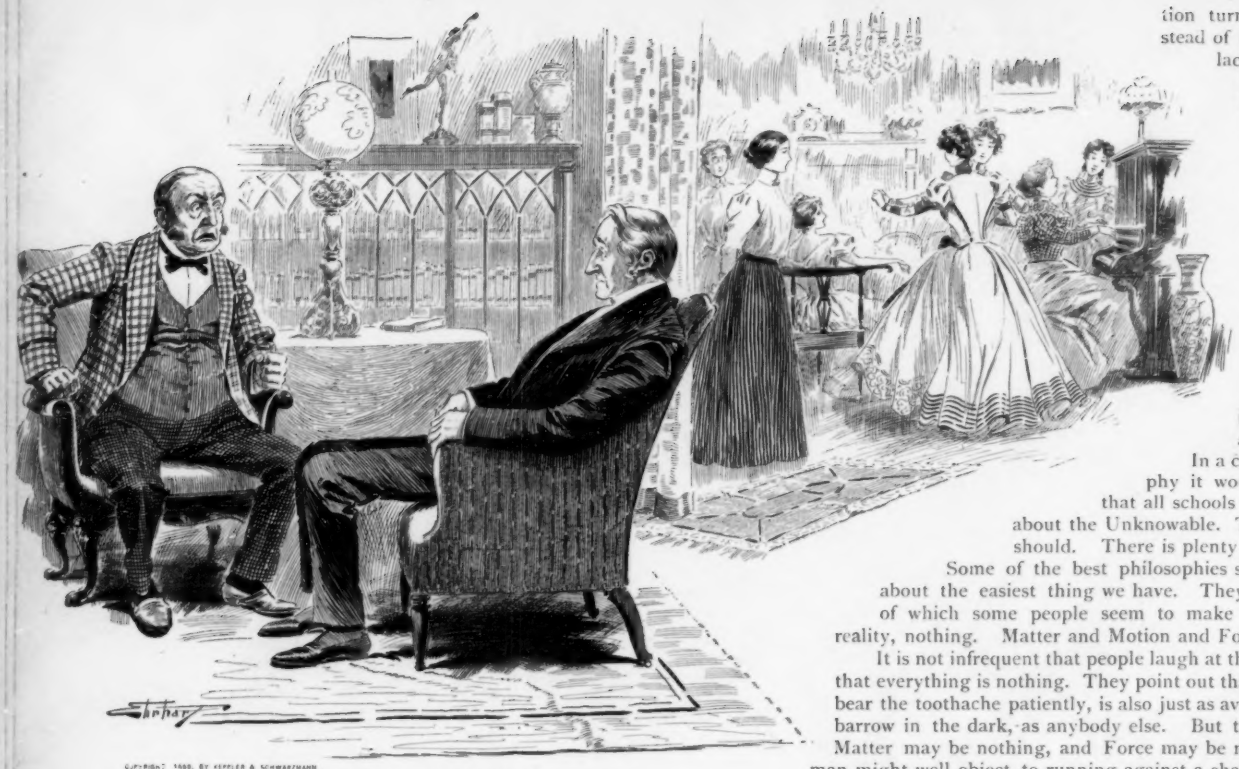
SINESS IS BUSINESS.

INCLINED TO ADMIT THAT UNCLE SAM IS RIGHT—AND A GOOD CUSTOMER.



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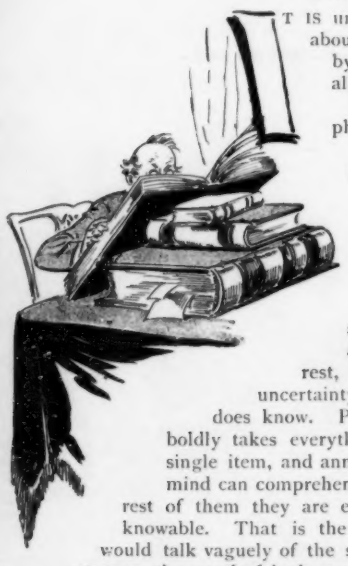
THE MILLENNIUM.

FRIEND.—Ah! just think of the coming days of the Millennium; when man will love his fellow-men!

FATHER OF SEVEN UNMARRIED DAUGHTERS *(in disgust)*.—Bah! Millennium! Men love their fellow-men enough now! It 's the time when they will love their fellow-women that *I* want to see!

PHILOSOPHY.



IT IS undoubtedly true that men know but little about what can be known, and it is maintained by bold spirits that they know nothing at all about what can not be known.

In this embarrassing pass comes philosophy to our aid.

Philosophy is the art of arranging the few things we do know in such a skillful perspective with the things we do not know that the whole appears to form an easy vista for the delighted intelligence.

Philosophy does not do as we do. It does not figure out a thing here and there, and guess at other things, and wonder at others, and give up the rest, and stand aghast and speechless with uncertainty over the whole, not knowing what it does know. Philosophy never stands speechless. It boldly takes everything in the world, not leaving out a single item, and announces: All of these that the human mind can comprehend constitute the Knowable. As for the rest of them they are equally easy: they constitute the Unknowable. That is the way with philosophy. Some people would talk vaguely of the simple, the apparent, the doubtful, the strange, the wonderful, the mysterious, the esoteric and transcendent, but philosophy takes them all and divides them into two lots as simple as brogans and kip boots in a country store.

Philosophers always profess a profound humility and sadness in finding themselves forced to admit the unknowableness of the Unknowable, but we should not grieve too much over their melancholy. Having examined their works, I am convinced by their style, which is one of repressed hilarity and triumph, that they take a much keener pride and delight in determining the intangibility of the Unknowable than they would in determining positively some really useful fact: as, for instance, that the Leghorns, though prone to steal their nests, are better layers than the Plymouth Rocks.

Philosophy says that of the ultimate nature of Time and Space and Matter and Force we can know nothing. No matter if we are very clever, indeed, no matter if we are celebrated scholars, or even prominent persons, we can not know anything about it. At first this seems discouraging; but it is n't. For in this way philosophy puts four confessedly difficult subjects into the category of things concerning which we know all there is to know. It works out beautifully.

Thus, suppose that you are at a gathering of the most brilliant minds of the age, such as you dream of but never see, and suppose the conversation turns on Time or Space: instead of quaking with fear lest your lack of learning be exposed, you fall back confidently upon the great basic ignorance about you, and sit at your ease. Perhaps you even perk up, and claim to know less about these subjects than any other present.

There is certainly something about philosophy that is glorious. We may be wrong about our theory of light, or our plan of a campaign, or a move at checkers, but our ideas about the Unknowable are without a flaw.

In a complete treatise on philosophy it would be remiss not to state that all schools of philosophy do not agree about the Unknowable. There is no reason why they should. There is plenty of room for all.

Some of the best philosophies say that the Unknowable is about the easiest thing we have. They say that Time and Space, of which some people seem to make a great difficulty, are, in reality, nothing. Matter and Motion and Force are also nothing.

It is not infrequent that people laugh at these philosophers who claim that everything is nothing. They point out that philosophy which can not bear the toothache patiently, is also just as averse to falling over a wheelbarrow in the dark, as anybody else. But this is thoughtless criticism. Matter may be nothing, and Force may be nothing, and yet a prudent man might well object to running against a sharp-cornered nothing in the dark, when he has only two ill-contrived shin-shaped nothings to stand the collision. If a man were made of real stuff he would n't mind if half the wheelbarrows in town were parked at night in his back-yard.

My own ideas about some of these matters are perhaps the best of all.

I think that Space is nothing, but that it has been spread out remarkably thin.

I think that Time is nothing, and that interest ought to be forbid. Moreover, as Time is nothing, it ought not to be thought profligate to spend about twelve months of it in every year in vacations and merriment.

There is one observation about Space still to be made. Leaving the foolishness of metaphysics aside, we all know what Space is. In fact, we are not deceived about it at all. We know what it is, exactly. But if we were asked what would be left if Space were taken away, we would n't know. It seems to me that there ought to be more Space than before.

Williston Fish.

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A TERRIBLE SHOCK.

MRS. O'BRIEN.—Arrah! and it's the terrible shock the Widow Kerrigan got. Do yiz remimber the blackthorn bush she bought on the Bowery and planted on her husband's grave?

MRS. O'GRADY.—Oi do thot! Has it been shtolen?

MRS. O'BRIEN.—Worse than thot! Whin she visited the grave to-day she found three oranges growing on it.

THE TRUTHFUL SINGER.

I.

CAN NOT sing the old songs;
My principles forbid
To warble forth the wild untruths
That in their lines are hid.
Oh! never did I dream I dwelt
In any marble hall,
And never, never did I ask
To like a soldier fall.

II.

My old folks never lived an hour
On any Suanee River;
I never called them "old folks," for
The name fair makes me shiver.
And never did I hang a harp
On any willow-tree,
And Annie Laurie never gied
A promise true to me.

III.

I never said to any one,
"Then you 'll remember me!"
Nor any woodman e'er implored
To spare a single tree.
I never cared to live a life
Upon the ocean wave;
I never mourned for Lily Dale,
Nor hung about her grave.

IV.

I never lived in any cot,
Nor cottage by the sea,
Nor no lone rock in that damp place
Was ever loved by me.
I never set this foot of mine
In any Hazel Dell,
Nor drank from bucket made of oak
That hung in any well.

V.

Bold Privateer I never was,
Nor owned an Old Dog Tray;
No Gipsy Countess ever wooed,
Nor loved a Nelly Gray.
No Old Kentucky Home was mine,
I ne'er came through the Rye,
And called John Anderson my Jo,
In no sweet by-and-by.

VI.

So ask me not to sing again
Those old mendacious songs,
For I 've reformed, because I see
No truth to them belongs.
But let me sing some nobler air
And fill you with delight,
Or else — I 'll make a red-hot time
In this old town to-night.

J. Campbell.

STATISTICS.

"Yes; everybody is talking war."

"Everybody? I figure that there are just six residents of this village who don't know just how to conduct the campaign, and five of them have gone to the front."

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY TO JUDGE.

PENHOLDER *(the poet)*.—Our editors are the most unpatriotic class of men in the country. Half of the time I believe they sympathize with Spain.

ADMIRER.—How can you tell?

PENHOLDER.—Why—er—er—, I have written one of the most spirited war poems I ever read!

THE LIMIT OF VANITY.

MAMA.—I don't t'ink much of dot young man vot 's callin' on Repecca.

PAPA.—He 's too much shtuck on himselluf. Vy, dot young fool vould as soon be paid a gompliment as a bill!

HER INTERPRETATION.

HE.—Vot does dis mean in dot Summer hotel pamphlet, "superior c-u-i-s-i-n-e?"

SHE.—Oh! dot means dot der cook is French undt not Irish.

AGREED.

"Don't be discouraged, my friend," said the missionary, kindly, "even if you are an ex-convict. There is nothing so bad but it might be worse."

"Yes, Ma'am," replied the party addressed; "I 'd rather be an ex-convict than a convict."

A RARE CASE.

SHE.—Mrs. Chatterbox says she knows more than she cares to tell.

HE.—That must be a very unusual experience for her.

THE BEST thing about man is woman.

BEAUTY AND BRAINS go seldom together; they merely seem to go together; not until a woman's beauty is gone does it become apparent that she has no brains.

DYING.

"I shall die with my boots on!" he cries.

Drums are beating; flags flutter; multitudes cheer and weep alternately.

"I shall certainly die unless I get them off soon!" he groans; for he is not used to parading in military boots.

DECEIVED.

FIRST MOSQUITO.—I 'm disgusted.

SECOND MOSQUITO.—What 's the trouble?

FIRST MOSQUITO.—I 've wasted ten minutes trying to get a square meal through a padded golf stocking.

WINFIELD.—Are you sure Ashley is an electrician?

SIMENS.—Well, he was the only man on the trolley car who did n't explain the cause of the accident!

GOING ONE BETTER.

MOTHER.—If I give you this piece of cake, will you try to be a good little girl?

GLADYS.—Yes; and I will try to be gooder if you will give me two pieces!

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SUCH IS FAME!

MARY.—I think you were very foolish to break your engagement to William, who will remain at home, and engage yourself to Reginald, who has enlisted.

DOLLY.—Why, think how romantic it will be ten years hence to show this ring to William's children and tell them of the dead hero who gave it to their mother!—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

"THESE gloves are too small," said pretty little Miss Jigley to Mr. Wilkins, who kept a department store. "They squeeze my hands."

"Which shows that they are very sensible gloves, eh?" suggested Mr. Wilkins.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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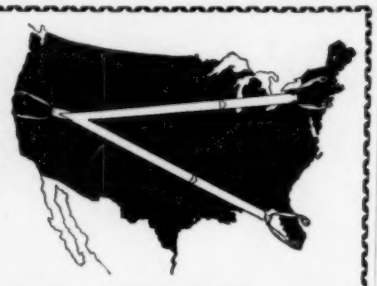

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SHE.—Did you notice the white ruching around that Boston girl's neck?

HE.—Oh! was that ruching? I thought it was icing!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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AT CONEY ISLAND.

PAT.—Faith, this is a great watherin' place.

MIKE.—Faith it would n't be much av a watherin' place if it was n't fer the beer.

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THERE was a young maid of Manila
Who asked for a glass of vanilla,
But the clerk in the store
Was so rattled by war
That he gave her a muff of chinchilla.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

BACON.—Does your wife enjoy good health?

EGBERT.—Enjoy it? No; she 's never happy unless she 's got something the matter with her.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

YOU like some fools because you can feel wise by comparison.—*Atchison Globe.*

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A GREAT TIME FOR GOING.

MRS. WITT *(reading)*.—A shot from one of the *Cincinnati's* rapid fire guns passed through the case of a hall clock, which was found running after the bombardment of Matanzas.

MR. WITT.—I suppose nearly everything else in Matanzas was found in the same condition, barring the shot. — *Jewelers' Weekly.*

SHE.—Is this your cyclometer on the mantel?

HE.—Yes.

SHE.—Why, it only registers 2! Is that all the miles you have ridden in six months?

HE.—Oh, no! I keep that to tell the number of dollars I have paid in instalments.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Sozodont

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PLODSON.—How?

PENNAMORE.—When you prove to her beyond a shadow of doubt that she made an error, she will acknowledge it.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

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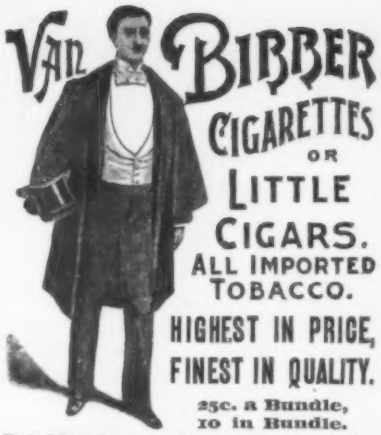
AFRAID TO CHOOSE

"You did n't marry either of those Von Smith twins?"

"No; I did n't dare to; I knew that whichever one I married she would make me wish I had married the other one." — *Detroit Free Press.*

TESTS OF ACUMEN.

UNCLE HIRAM.—Tell yer what, I like these here impressionist picters!
MR. GOTHAM.—Ah?
UNCLE HIRAM.—An' I've guessed most uv 'em, too!



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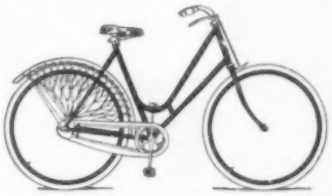

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Latest Pickings from Puck, No. 28.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

CITIZEN.—Yes; I have an umbrella that needs mending; but, if I let you have it, how am I to know that you will bring it back?

UMBRELLA MENDER.—Haf no fear. I always sharge more for mending dan I could sell zee umbrella for. — *New York Weekly.*

"DEAR me!" said Wilbur, as he looked out over Watkins's lawn. "The dandelions on this place must run up into the millions."

"They do," said Watkins; "but we've given up trying to get rid of 'em, and to console ourselves we call them Klondike daisies." — *Harper's Bazar.*

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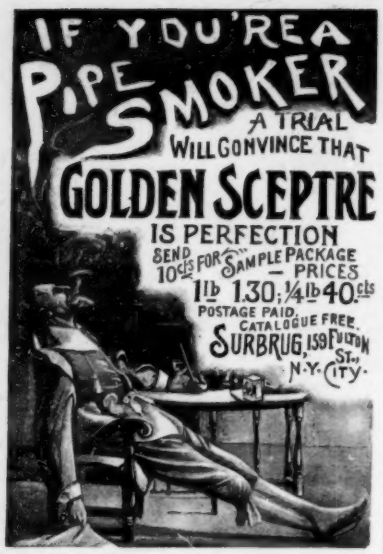

A GOOD JOB COMING.

JEWELER. — How was your boy pleased with the watch I sold you?

FOND FATHER. — Very well, sir. He is n't ready to have it put together yet; but be patient, I 'll send him around with it in a day or two. —*Jewelers' Weekly.*

BAINBRIDGE.—The girls of to-day should be taught to say "No."

MRS. HEMPHILL. —That 's what I think. The pert things all say "Nit."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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Evans'.

Clear as crystal, yellow as amber, mellow as old wine, and as American as the United States.

Always the same wherever you get it.

TALKING BUSINESS.

"I does n' reckon dat yoh 's gwinter git you all's pay fum dat ar' concern," said the colored porter.

"Why not?" asked the collector. "They have some assets."

"Yes, sur. Dey has some. But dey is n' equal to dah unreliabilities."—*Washington Star.*

STYCKER.—What 's a good heading for this article about swindlers getting in their work in apartment houses?

SNIPPER. — Call it "Sharps and Flats." —*Roxbury Gazette.*

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You want to get your family away from the sea coast and Spanish flotillas.

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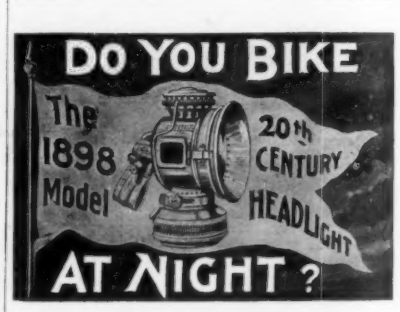
REPRESSED.

JIMMY.—What 's the matter with yer, Tommy?
TOMMY.— Oh! I had another row wit' me father. He won't let me go to the war.



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CHOLLY.—Maud has to wear glasses; the oculist said she had been using her eyes too much.

CHARLEY.—I should say so! You ought to have seen her at the dance the other night; she was just surrounded by men all the time.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"WHAT are you going to be when you grow up, Tommy?" asked the visitor.

"I think," said Tommy, thoughtfully, "that I shall be somebody's ancestor." —*Harper's Bazar.*

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SHE.—Would you believe, strawberries are more than half water?

HE.—I never thought of it, though I 've known they were more than half basket.—*Adams Freeman.*

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SHE.—I understand a French army officer has invented a noiseless cannon.

HE.—And I suppose that is all we will ever hear of it, then. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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IRVING.—It 's hard to get any news about the crew nowadays.

BILL.—Yes; they 've gone into their shell.—*Yale Record.*

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Underwear.

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Celebrated Underwear
For Children, Ladies and Gentlemen.

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MIGHT BE WORSE.

"There 's no fate so bad that it might not be worse," remarked the man who had been walking the floor from sunset till dawn with his baby.

"I 'm glad you are so philosophic," replied his wife.

"Yes; I have a great deal to be thankful for. I have been told that away up North the nights are six months long."—*Washington Star.*

SHE.—I will be a sister to you.

HE.—No; I've got one sister who wears my neckties, borrows money from me, loses my hair brush, puts tidies all over the furniture in my room, and expects me to take her to the theatre twice a week. I think I 'd rather go out in the world and forget you. — *Detroit Free Press.*

"YES; but how are you going to tell how long a war with Spain will last?"

"Oh! by taking plenty of war measures." — *Princeton Tiger.*

CHARACTERISTIC OF THE SEX.

MR. NEWCYCLE.—Why do the girls carry watches on their handle-bars?

MR. DOOCYCLE.—So they can tell just how late they are.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

"REGGIE LITTLETON is such a conceited thing," said Molly; "he called me a man-hater just because he heard I said I did n't like him."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"ALAS!" exclaimed the cycle girl, "I shall be thrown upon my own resources."

In order to understand the situation it must be known that her face was her fortune.

However, her apprehensions were groundless, for she was thrown upon the back of her head.—*Bicycling World.*

"HOW is your patient getting on?"

"Oh! he 's not getting on at all, now; he won't be able to look at a bicycle for a month yet."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HOW few people there are who know what not to say.—*Washington Democrat.*

SOME varieties of play are merely work done under no compulsion.—*West Union Gazette.*

SHE CONFESSES HER WEAKNESS.

FOLEY.—Thot 's th' sickin' toime th' wake yez hov done up me bist shir-rt. Ut's rejooced t' shreds yez 'll hov ut!

MRS. FOLEY.—Thin yez 'll hov t' tek thot PEARLINE out o' th' house. Ut meks washin' shir-rts sich a joy thot Oi can't kape me hands aff thim!

A PERTINENT QUERY.

"That," said the man who was showing a visitor the sights of Madrid, "is one of our greatest generals."

"Ah!" was the interested rejoinder; "long hand or stenographic?"—*Washington Star*

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NEVER follow the crowd if you want to get the crowd to follow you.—*Roxbury Gazette*

SHE.—I see the Colonel is married again.

HE.—Indeed! I thought his fighting days were over.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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"COME, my shild, let us away to de fodderland," said the German cow to her offspring, as they made in the direction of the waving field of corn.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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BRIDGET *(who has finished beating the carpet)*.— Oi 'll just t'row it over th' wall an' let it air a bit.

CHOLLY MASCHER. — Aw! here comes a fine piece of work! I 'll just wait here till she passes.

"How fortunate! I can stand on this carpet and not get my feet damp. Now just watch me make her smile at me!"

BRIDGET.— Sure, Oi niver thought! Somebody moight shtale th' carpit. Oi 'd better pull it over ag'in.
CHOLLY MASCHER.— Ah! there, my peach!

BRIDGET.—There sames to hov bin some t'ing an th' ither ind av thot carpit.

CHOLLY MASCHER. — I don't see what she has to smile at!

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AN UNFORTUNATE PULL.